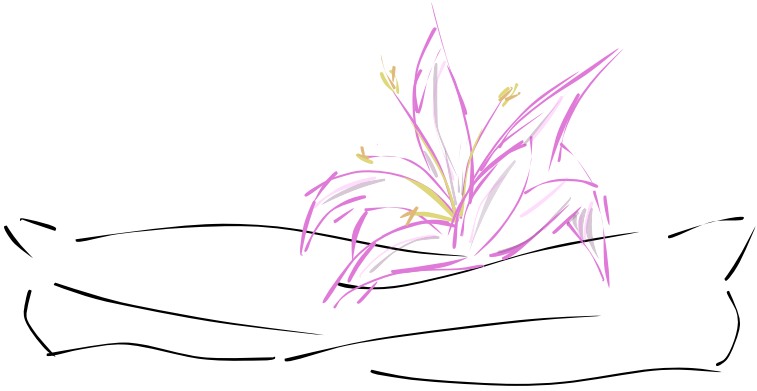


Oh, a Little Flower Rests



A Collection of Poems on Grief, PTSD,
and the Path to Freedom.

Seraphim

I have to be seen in order to give love.

PTSD

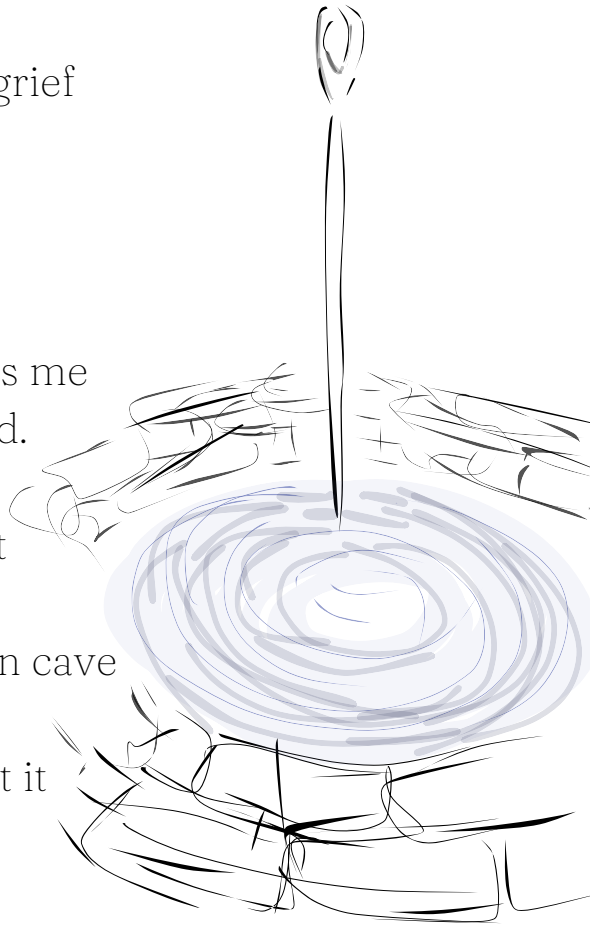
A pin drops
In the well of my grief

I am pulled down
To infinity

Darkness encircles me
I am lost. I am cold.

Visions of my past
Play on the walls
Of my own sunken cave

Oh please don't let it
Happen again.



The Fire

To be cleansed by the fire
illuminated by the light of god.
In her essence I am freed from this body
never to be seen again.



And in the description of end
I am without feeling;
and in that unfeeling I am struck
with the infinite reasons to keep going.

Smoke Break

Oh cigarette.
infinite possibilities
lie within your paper.
My body, free to roam the heavens
I put my trust in you

Of my 15 minute break
I am ten plus five for me
Oh cigarette you grant me this

I give you my body
so that I may be free
for a moment
timeless in the realm
of your creation.

I'm lost in your end,
and I ask god for one more.



The Unnamed Fire Poem

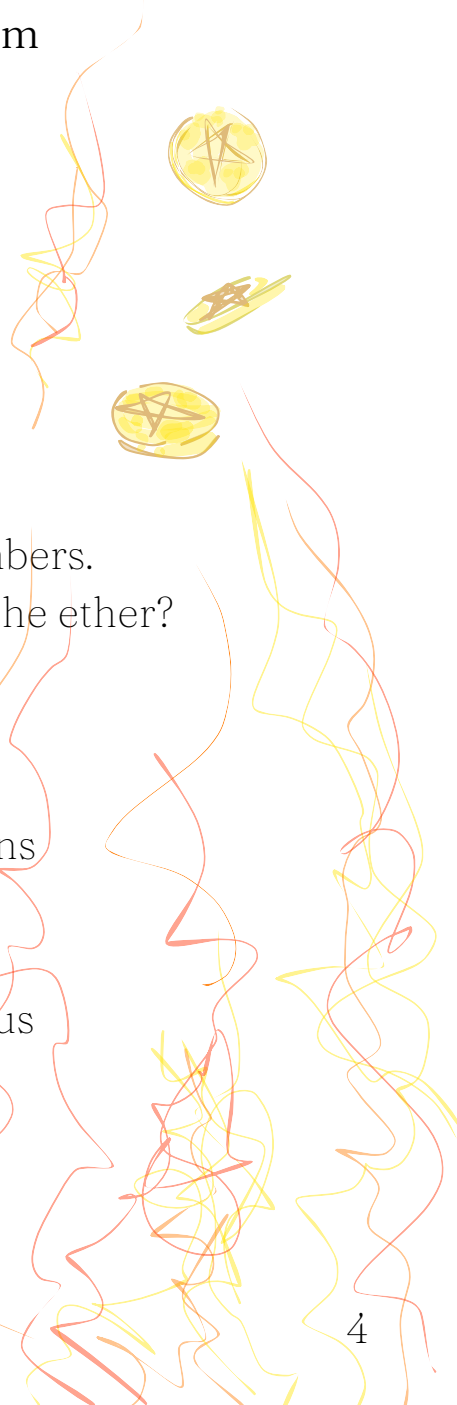
She's singing
Together with the sea

to be worth
something of gold

Singing to me
the fire wanes in her embers.
Is she not embraced in the ether?
I am being. I am energy.
Formed in this body
together with the sun.
I radiate with the heavens

No need to sink
for the below is behind us

Love is with me eternal





New Moon in Emma

Beginnings

An invitation to others
to see my life
and to see my doings

You don't have to be alone
forgotten wolf
because the trees are forever
and the humans can teach you
the ways of this world

Emma

In darkness comes through
We are all human
And in horror we gather
Just trying to make it

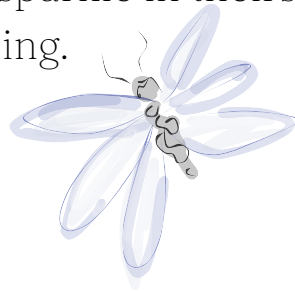
You are not alone.

I was told to die
at an early age.
forget who you are
and be like your brother

It's up to you to decide who you are
It's not your fault you're like this
No one loved you as a kid
It's not your fault


Your special doings are not lost on this world
They twinkle in the eyes of others
that have not lost the sparkle in theirs.
You are powerful darling.

I love you.



To My Community

This zine was created to honor the path I have taken through grief into love. And honestly show to the girl I was a year ago that her poems are worth sharing because in order to share love she needed to be seen. Seen in her struggle, seen in her power, and seen in her love. This is something I learned and cultivated in myself last year shortly after I started HRT. I learned that vulnerability is a portal to connection. So I hope you may connect in some way to these poems. That they may fill a heart with self acceptance and love. Even in the darkest time, one may find a light to guide them home.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'M. King', written in a cursive style.

This zine is free to anyone that wants to print it,
cut it up, put it on a fence, what ever you feel
inspired to do. If you feel inclined to pay for this
work, I invite you to donate to
venmo: serababesmoney
cashapp: serababesmoney